

CATHOLIC GUILD PLANS RETREAT

Women to Open Ceremony
At Holy Cross Friday Night.

Silence and meditation on spiritual topics for three days will be the program of Catholic women of Washington who enter Holy Cross Academy at Dumbarton Friday night and remain there on spiritual retreat until the following Tuesday morning.

The exercises, which will be under the auspices of the Catholic Women's Literary Guild, will include mass, and short sermons at intervals during each day, closing each evening with benediction of the blessed sacrament. Most of the remaining time will be devoted to study of subjects outlined by the Rev. J. Harding Fisher, S. J., of New York.

The Rev. J. Charles Davey, S. J., spiritual director of the guild, has extended an invitation to all Catholic women of the city to make the retreat.

Utah Population Grows
20 Per Cent in Ten Years

The Census Bureau yesterday announced the following 1920 population results:

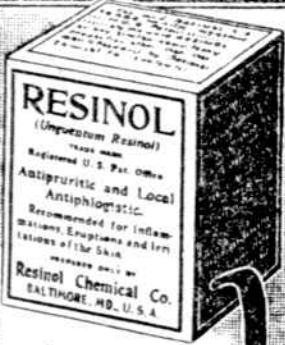
Utah State, 449,446; increase since 1910, 78,095, or 20.4 per cent.

Pueblo, Colo., 42,508; Helena, Mont., 12,027; Tappan Springs, Fla., 2,105; Hancock, Mich., 5,027; Laurium, Mich., 6,698; Stoughton, Wis., 5,101; Abbeville, S. C., 4,570; Westminster, S. C., 1,847; Waltham, S. C., 2,088.

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According to Their Lights

By O. Henry

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

In his middle by tightening his belt another hole, and set off. jauntily as a zoo rhinoceros, across the south end of the park.

When he was out of sight Murray also left the park, hurrying swiftly eastward. He stopped at a building whose steps were flanked by two green lights.

A police captain named Maroney, he said to the desk sergeant, "was dismissed from the force after being tried under charges three years ago. I believe sentence was suspended. Is this man wanted now by the police?"

"Why are you asking?" inquired the sergeant, with a frown.

"I thought there might be a reward standing," explained Murray easily. "I know the man well. He seems to be keeping himself pretty shady at present. I could lay my hands on him at any time. If there should be a reward—"

"There's no reward," interrupted the sergeant, shortly. "The man's not wanted. And neither are you. So, get out. You are friendly with him, and you would be selling him. Out with you quick, or I'll give you a start."

Murray gazed at the officer with serene and virtuous dignity.

"I would be simply doing my duty as a citizen and gentleman," he said, severely. "If I could assist the law in laying hold of one of its offenders."

Murray hurried back to the bench in the park. He folded his arms and shrank within his clothes to his ghost-like presentiment.

Ten minutes afterward the Captain arrived at the rendezvous, windy and thundrous as a dog-day in Kansas. His collar had been torn away; his straw hat had been twisted and battered; his shirt with ox-blood stripes split to the waist. And from head to knee he was drenched with some vile and ignominious fluid that loudly proclaimed to the nose its component leaven of garlic and kitchen stuff.

"For Heaven's sake, Captain,"

sniffed Murray. "I doubt that I would have waited for you if I had suspected you were so desperate as to resort to swill barrels."

"Cheese it," said the Captain, harshly. "I'm not hogging it yet. It's all on the outside. I went around on Essex and proposed marriage to that Catrina that got the fruit shop there. Now, that business could be built up. She's a peach as far as a Dago could be. I thought I had the senecena mashed sure last week. But look what she done to me! I guess I got too fresh. Well, there's another scheme queued."

"You don't mean to say," said Murray, with infinite contentment, "that you would have married that woman to help yourself out of your disgraceful troubles?"

"Me?" said the Captain. "I'd marry the Empress of China, for one howl of chop suey. I'd commit murder for a plate of beef stew. I'd steal a water from a waif. I'd be a Mormon for a bowl of chowder."

"Murray, resting his head on his hands, 'that I would play Judas for the price of one drink of whiskey. For thirty pieces of silver I would—'"

"Oh, come now!" exclaimed the Captain in dismay. "You wouldn't do that, Murray? I always thought that Kike's squeal on his boss was about the lowest-down play that ever happened. A man that gives his friend away is worse than a pirate."

Through the park stepped a large man scanning the benches where the electric light fell. He halted before the derelicts. His diamond-studded fob chain assailed.

"Yes, I see it's you," he continued, "they told me at Mike's that I might find you over here. Let me see you a few minutes, Mac."

The Captain lifted himself with a grunt of alacrity. If Charley Finnegan had come down in the bottomless pit to seek him there must be something doing. Charlie guided him by an arm into a patch of shadows.

"You know, Mac," he said, "they're trying Inspector Pickering on graft charges."

"He was my inspector," said the Captain.

"O'Shea wants the job," went on Finnegan. "He must have it. It's for the good of the organization. Pickering must go under. Your testimony will do it. He was your man higher up when you were on the force. His share of the hooch passed through your hands. You must go on the stand and testify against him."

"He was," began the Captain. "Wait a minute," said Finnegan. A bundle of yellowish stuff came out of his inside pocket. "Five hundred dollars in it for you. Two fifty on the spot, and the rest—"

"He was my friend, I say," finished the Captain. "I'll see you and the gang, and the city, and the party in the flames of Hades before I'll take the stand against Dan Pickering. I'm down and out, but I'm no traitor to a man that's been my friend. The Captain's voice rose and boomed like a split trombone. "Get out of this park, Charlie Finnegan, where us thieves and tramps and boozers are your betters, and take your dirty money with you!" Finnegan drifted out by another walk. The Captain returned to his seat.

"I couldn't avoid hearing," said

Murray, dreamily. "I think you are the biggest fool I ever saw."

"What would you have done?" asked the Captain.

"Nailed Pickering to the cross," said Murray.

"Sonny," said the Captain, huskily, and without heat, "and we are different. New York is divided into two parts—above Forty-second street, and below Fourteenth. You come from the other part. We both act accordingly."

An illustrated clock above the trees retailed the information that it lacked the half hour of 12. Both men rose from the bench and moved away together as if seized by the same idea. They left the park, struck through a narrow cross street, and came into Broadway, at this hour as dark, echoing and deepened as a byway in Pompeii.

Northward they turned; and a policeman who glanced at their unkempt and slinking figures withheld the attention and suspicion that he would have granted them at any other hour and place. For on every street in that part of the city other unkempt and slinking figures were shuffling and hurrying toward a converging policeman who was marked by no monument save that groove on the pavement worn by tens of thousands of waiting feet.

At Ninth street a tall man wearing an opera hat alighted from a Broadway car and turned his face westward. But he saw Murray pounce upon him and dragged him under a street light. The corner, like a wounded bear and waited, growling.

"Jerry!" cried the hatted one. "How fortunate! I was to begin a search for you tomorrow. The old gentleman has capitulated. You're to be restored to favor. Congratulate you. Come to the office in the morning and get all the money you want. I've liberal instructions in that respect."

"That the engagement between you and Miss Vanderhurst shall be—"

"Good night," said Murray, moving away.

"You madman!" cried the other. "You madman!" cried the other. "You give up two millions on account of—"

"Did you ever see her nose, old man?" asked Murray, solemnly. "But, listen to reason, Jerry. Miss Vanderhurst is an heiress, and—"

"Did you ever see it?"

"Yes, I admit that her nose isn't."

"Good night!" said Murray. "My friend is waiting for me. I am quoting him when I authorize you to report that there is nothing doing. Good night."

A wriggling line of waiting men extended from a door in Tenth street far up Broadway, on the other edge of the pavement. The captain and Murray fell in at the tail of the quivering millipe.

"Twenty feet longer than it was last night," said Murray, looking up at his measuring angle of Grace Church.

"Half an hour," growled the captain, "before we get our punk."

The city clocks began to strike 12. The Broad Line moved forward slowly, its leather feet sliding on the stones with the sound of a hissing serpent, as they who had lived according to their lights closed up in the park.

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F. J. WAGNER QUILTS AS D. C. FIRE CHIEF; WATSON IS NAMED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

take effect upon as early a date as may be suited to your convenience. Respectfully, F. J. WAGNER, Chief Engineer.

Service Commended. Brownlow's reply follows:

August 30, 1920.

"My Dear Chief Wagner: In accordance with your request I have recommended to the Commissioners that you be placed on the retired list."

"May I take this opportunity to thank you for the splendid work you have done for the people of Washington during the many years of your service as a member of the fire department, and especially as its chief. During the whole of my term of office I have had implicit confidence in you and your administration, and I am sure that all the people of the city will share my regret that you are leaving the active service."

"Wishing for you many years of peace and comfort, believe me to be, Very sincerely yours, LOUIS BROWNLOW."

Chief Came From Ranks. Chief Wagner is a veteran in the fire department, having entered service April 1, 1879, at the age of 36. He rose rapidly through the ranks. In 1906 he was promoted from captain to deputy chief. He served in this capacity until the death of Chief William Belt in 1908. Wagner was appointed chief engineer November 15, 1908.

Chief Wagner is 77 years old and under the provisions of the Metropolitan Police and Fire departments of the District, will retire at salary of \$2,000 a year, to take effect immediately. The office of chief engineer pays a salary of \$4,000.

Wagner Congratulated. Chief Wagner has not been in the best of health recently. After retiring in his letter of resignation yesterday he left the city for a short rest and will return this morning to serve his last day of office.

Watson was born in Cairo, Ill., and came to Washington with his parents at the age of 4, on March 30, 1876. He was educated in local public schools and entered service with the District April 25, 1901, as secretary to the health officer. He lives at 3228 Fourteenth street northwest.

Although announcement of Watson's appointment was made late in the afternoon the news spread rapidly and his office was besieged by friends offering congratulations. Watson was chairman of local draft board No. 8 during the war. He is a member of the Elks lodge.

SECRETARY MEREDITH DENIES FUND CHARGE

New York, Aug. 30.—Secretary of Agriculture E. T. Meredith was much disturbed by allegations of Chairman James W. Good of the House Committee of Appropriations, that he knowingly permitted illegal assessment of Federal employees for the Cox presidential campaign fund. The cabinet member, conferring with Director of Finance W. B. Jamieson of the Democratic National Committee, said today:

"I have no knowledge of the assessment of any Federal employees by our club or any officials. On the contrary I have issued instructions that such things would not be tolerated."

Star of Police Force Again Pacing a Beat



W. J. BARBEE.

Former detective sergeant, who led the entire detective bureau in the number of arrests made and in the number of convictions procured during last year, recently was demoted and is "pounding the pavements" again for what police officials term "the good of the service."

According to the 1919 police report, Barbee made 220 arrests during the year and secured 147 convictions in court. Only thirty-five of his cases were dismissed and only ten were nolle prossed. He recovered property valued at \$11,629.01.

Barbee's nearest competitor was Detective Kelly, who made 207 arrests and procured 141 convictions. Detective Scrivener was third, with 192 arrests and 123 convictions. Barbee is now doing duty in a private uniform at the Eighth precinct, but his friends predict that he will perform a "come-back."

Fiancee Changes Date of Wedding Due to Primaries

New York, Aug. 30.—Woman suffrage is new, at least comparatively. Yet already the oldest established institutions are making way for it. One of them is marriage.

Miss Martha McCook, daughter of the late Col. John J. McCook, one of the famous "fighting McCooks," and Mrs. McCook, of this city, today changed the date of her wedding because it conflicted with primary day.

Miss McCook, who will marry Elliot Cross at the country home of her uncle, Charles B. Alexander, at Tuxedo Park, originally selected September 14 for her nuptials.

However, she determined to finish a long period of work with the Republican State executive committee by voting at the primaries. Accordingly she announced that she would allow nothing, not even her marriage, to interfere with her political duty, and changed the date of her marriage to September 15.

RENT BODY MAY END HEARINGS

Decision in 15 Cases Expected Today—Will Reconvene Sept. 20.

Should the rent commission today hand down the determinations in the fifteen or more cases which they have heard they will be the last to be made for the summer session.

In making the decisions in these cases the Commissioners will clear up the summer docket and will hold no more hearings until September 20 when they will reconvene and open a new docket.

During the interval in which the hearings are discontinued the offices will be open to receive new complaints.

The commissioners believing that the Ball act is sufficient to cover every phase of the rent condition in Washington place little interest in the report that a new rent act will be presented to Congress in December.

SMOTHERS TO DEATH AFTER SAND CAVE-IN

Fall River, W. Va., Aug. 30.—Roy Suddoth, aged 18, son of John Suddoth, was smothered to death Saturday when the wall of a sand pit in which he was working caved in.

He was employed on the dredger of a sand dredging company. His father, foreman at the pit, witnessed the accident.

MORE SCHOOL FUNDS SOUGHT

Superintendent Ballou to Make Report of Needs at Meeting Tomorrow.

A petition for increased funds for the schools, over the \$50,000 authorized by Congress, and proposals for meeting the congested school conditions will feature the report of Dr. Ballou, superintendent of schools, at the first meeting of the new board tomorrow afternoon, he indicated yesterday.

Following a series of conferences yesterday with Assistant Superintendents Stephen E. Kramer and R. C. Bruce, Dr. Ballou stated that he was prepared to make his report.

Formal notice of the board meeting was issued yesterday by Dr. Abram Simon, president. Failure of the District Supreme Court to appoint members to the two vacancies now existing on the board, the Rev. John L. Van Schaick, Jr., former president, and Dr. Charles P. Neill, who have resigned from the board, are expected to attend the meeting.

Dr. Simon has received assurances that all members except Mrs. Margarita Cook, who is out of town, will attend.

The meeting will be devoted largely to reports of school officials dealing with last year's records and plans for the coming year.



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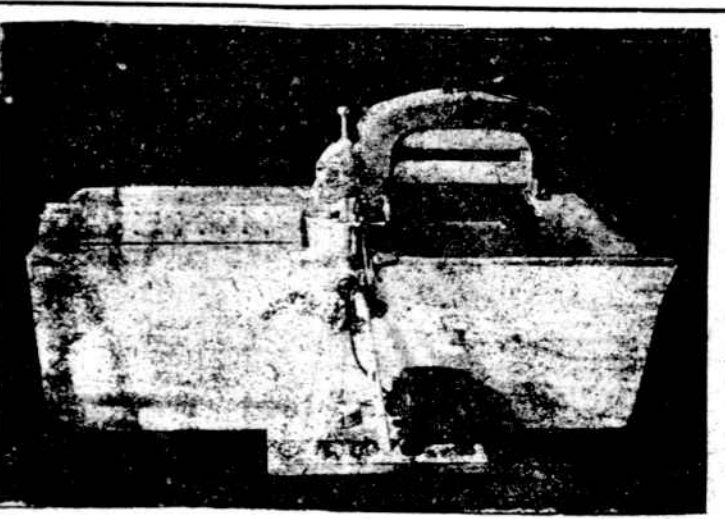
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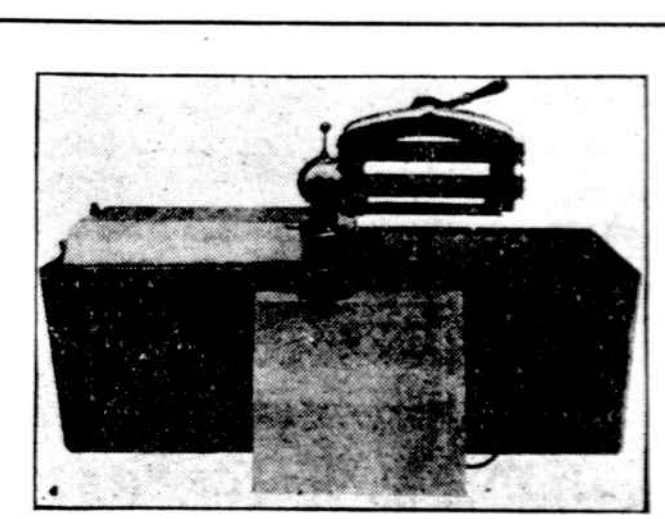
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Manufacturing arrangements for delivering these desirable machines in steady quantities are nearing completion at our big plant located at Hyattsville, Md. (six miles from Washington) on the B. & O. Railroad and Washington-Baltimore Boulevard, affording unsurpassed facilities for shipping by train and truck. Our big fireproof, daylight plant covers 26,000 square feet of floor space, rendering a capacity for manufacture capable of taking care of the big demand naturally anticipated—the first deliveries on which will be made within the next sixty days.

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